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PASIGRAPHY,

OR SYSTEM OF UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

LIKE the discovery of the longitude, squaring the circle, the transmutation of metals, and one or two other grand problems, the notion of an universal language has ever been a cherished theory with the learned of all nations. In England we have at least one folio volume on the subject (Wilkins' Essay, 1668) and recently it has attracted so much attention, that a society of the literati has been formed in Germany for the purpose of pursuing the enquiry into the practicability of a system so replete with consequences to the civilized world. The world itself seems to be politically prepared for a discovery of this nature. All the sovereigns of Europe meet and are meeting together to settle the bases of the social frame. The entire Globe may be said to be represented or interested in these august assemblages; and the topics discussed are of universal importance. Such is the era when we venture, with little of uncertainty on our minds, to solicit the attention of the statesmen and philosophers of Great Britain (in the first instance) to the following summary. What we here state, *we know* are the properties of the invention alluded to: but it possesses many others of eminent utility, though comparatively of less value. What more are wanted to fill up the desideratum of *An Universal Language* we cannot tell, and it is for this reason that, before going more at large into the hypothesis, we invite the communications and objections of all persons competent to speak on a question, the magnitude and extraordinary powers of which it is impossible to exaggerate. One glance at the influence such a discovery, if adopted, must have on the political, mercantile, and in short, on all the relations of men, will suffice to shew, that even Printing itself was not calculated to bring about a more complete moral revolution. Again soliciting the opinions of men of philosophical minds, we merely subjoin a Sketch of the

PROPERTIES OF A NEW SYSTEM OF UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

1. THE CHARACTERS, are of the utmost simplicity, bearing some resemblance

to the notes in music. They are very limited in number, so limited, that two types or a telegraph would express them all. They change their signification by relative position.

The knowledge of this character, that is, the power of reading what is written in it, critically, may with the greatest ease be acquired in ten minutes by persons of common capacity.

A, with ten minutes instruction, shall audibly read,—give voice to these signs, so that B, previously acquainted with the language, shall completely understand the import given to each by the first writer C,—with the utmost grammatical minuteness.

From one to three signs, and very rarely a fourth, express any idea, in all its various moods and forms.

The grammar of this character may be acquired in two hours, that is to say, it is firmly believed, from analogy of the European languages known to the inventor, that every foreigner could within that time, place his finger on every part of speech used in his native tongue; distinguishing the gender, number, and case, of the noun, the degrees of comparison, of the ad-noun agreeing with its noun, the same with respect to the adverb, the moods, tenses, number, person, and voice of the verb.

The same symbol or symbols represent the same substance or the same idea in all languages. Every possible inflexion of any word follows the knowledge of the root.

Every symbol, with all the niceties of language, can be spoken, written, printed, or expressed by a very simple telegraph.

The roots are few, the number of words, in all their inflexions, without limit, and their use attained with the utmost ease within the short time stated.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth.
By Lucy Aikin. 2 vols. 8vo.

THESE are interesting memoirs of a very important period of our national history, when more depended upon the personal power and character of the sovereign than perhaps at any other era which could be named. The drama,

general literature, politics, and religion, came all deeply into question during the reign of Elizabeth. Her court was romantic and tragical. Adventures unlike reality in all but in their fatal terminations, were almost of daily occurrence. The age of chivalry was at its height, the spirit of inquiry was never more active, and expeditions abroad to discover foreign lands, and investigations at home to develop the hidden mysteries of science, divide the attention of those who would contemplate this remarkable epoch, with royal amours, plots, favouritism, domestic feuds, and foreign levies.

The wonders of this era are dispersed in the collections of Styrpe; the Burleigh, Sidney, and Talbot papers; the Memoirs of Birch; Camden's Annals, Nichols's Progresses, and a multitude of edited letters and chronicles of the times. These are, many of them, difficult of access, most of them very expensive, and some of them so scarce as to be altogether out of the reach of nine hundred and ninety-nine in a thousand readers. It was therefore a good design to draw all the most prominent of these scattered materials into one point of view, and present us, as the author has done, with a systematic account of Elizabeth and her court. In executing this task we have no complaint to make of the arrangement nor of the selection. The facts of these two volumes are exceedingly well put together and amusing. The style is plain and clear, and a due respect is paid to the value of the incidents in the relative space devoted to them. We doubt not but the superabundance of her matter greatly embarrassed Miss Aikin, and rendered it extremely difficult for her to reject. But there is still, as we think, a little too much of historical character in the work. If it had been possible we should have rejoiced to see every paragraph abridged which related to public affairs, and the private annals of the period more minutely investigated and detailed. We confess that it seems absolutely necessary to connect them, as they were connected by events of a more general nature, but the finer this connecting filament is drawn, the greater the merit of the performance. So much has been published respecting the Elizabethan era,

that any thing new was not to be expected; but facts the least known are next akin to absolute novelty, and some such, we think, might have been advantageously substituted for those with which every intelligent reader is acquainted. But even this deduction from the merit of the work must be taken in a very limited sense, for though it required comment, it can scarcely be said to deserve censure. The entire edifice is so pleasantly constructed, and the irregular, struggling, and unwieldy parts have been, after all, composed into so agreeable a form, that we cannot withhold the meed of approbation from this ingenious and excellent publication.

It does not seem requisite to enter into any analysis of a subject which may almost be said to analyse itself in the title page. From the birth of Elizabeth to her death, the chief features of her extraordinary and eventful life are depicted; her ministers, and favourites, and rivals, of course share the notice bestowed on the principal figure. The picture is one of the most imposing kind, and we recommend it heartily to the public. As we are accustomed to offer some extract from the works we review, we select from the present the letter written by the Earl of Essex to the Queen, when in disgrace for quitting his government in Ireland:—

To the Queen,

From a mind delighted in sorrow, from spirits wasted with passion, from a heart torn in pieces with care, grief, and travel, from a man that hateth himself and all things else that keep him alive, what service can your Majesty expect; since any service past deserves no more than banishment and proscription to the curstest of all islands? It is your rebels' pride and succession must give me leave to ransom myself out of this hateful prison, out of my loathed body; which, if it happeneth so, your Majesty shall have no cause to mislike the fashion of my death, since the course of my life could never please you. Happy could be finish forth his fate.

In some haunted desert most obscure
From all society, from love and hate

Of worldly folk; then should he sleep secure.
Then wake again, and yield God ever praise,

Content with hips and haws and brambleberry;
In contemplation passing out his days,

And change of holy thought to make him merry.
Who when he dies, his tomb may be a bush,

Where harmless Robin dwells with gentle Thrush.

Your Majesty's exiled Servant,

ROBERT ESSEX.

Elizabeth was a woman from first to last; and when Burleigh died, her glory departed. Mere female affections, intrigues, resentments, fill up the catalogue of her deeds. Her passions

swayed her, and caprice and tyranny are the landmarks of her conduct. But her character is too well understood now to require illustration from our pen.

There is a short treatise on the domestic architecture of the reign of Elizabeth, by Edmund Aikin, the brother of the author, appended to the second volume. We think so well of it that we shall probably return to its consideration in a future Number.

FOLIAGE; or Poems Original and Translated. By Leigh Hunt. pp. 246.

THE phrase "School of Poetry," like the phrase "School of Painting," has of late come much into vogue. Every person who departs from received canons in either art, is said, pleasantly enough, to be the founder of a school, and all his fellow rhymesters to "belong to this school;" which in the latter case is not so far amiss, since truly they more resemble young learners than mature teachers; and so, to confess the fact, generally do their ring-leaders;

In foolscap uniforms turned up with ink,
So very anxious, clever, fine and jealous,
One don't know what to say to them, or think,
Unless to puff them with a pair of bellows.*

As we are not disposed to any kind of puffing, we would hint, that the substitution of the word *fashion* for the word *school*, in these affairs, seems desirable. Schools are, or ought to be, grave places, where wisdom is acquired; but Fashion admits of as many follies and fripperies as you please, the last being invariably the best, the newest the most enchanting. Cottage bonnets and insipid pastorals, hussar cloaks and martial odes, lace tippets and sonnets, long skirts and romantic tales, turbans and Eastern poems, costume à la Greque and Epics, may then be alternately and equally the rage for a month, and no great harm ensue:—we will allow the absurdity in verse, and the absurdity in dress, a like duration; the former to be laughed at over the tea-tables for four long weeks, and the latter to remain unrivalled on the frontispiece of any of the fashionable magazines, till the first day of the month ensuing that of its appearance; but it is too much to christen such

* *Beppo*. We have the best reasons for believing that this poem is the production of Lord Byron! What wonderful versatility of genius! The fourth Canto of *Childe Harold* will appear in about a month.

things by names which give an idea of perpetuity, and we, once for all, protest against the appellation of School, whether given to the watery, cockney, be-natural, or sentimental Bards of these times, when rhyme is so plentiful, that we suspect it will soon be a difficult matter to produce even a business letter written in plain prose. If the cacoethes continue, there will shortly be no novelty in the rhyming cobbler of Gosport, who sent a lady's shoes home with the following billet,

Your humble poet, Madam, and the Muses,
Presents your La'ship with this pair of shoes—

We are free to confess that we do not belong to that class which considers the style of writing adopted by the author before us, and others his conditors, as admirable poetry. Mr. Hunt appears to be, in domestic matters, an amiable man; he is fond of his wife, and his children, and his friends, and of Hampstead; and of trees, especially when leafy, and of rural walks, and of tea in his parlour. Now this is all very becoming, and very harmless; but to persons not so fond of Mrs. Hunt, nor of Johnny Hunt, aged four years, alias

— little ranting Johnny,
For ever blithe and bonny,
And singing nonny, nonny, &c.

nor of Hampstead, with

A steepie issuing from a leafy rise
With *farwy* front — — — — —
— — — — — with heath and pond,
Nature's own ground; woods that let mansions
through!

nor of any other of the author's haunts and recreations,—we say, that those not so partial to these things as Mr. Hunt, must find his songs and sonnets about them, though they may be tolerable enough to his private circle, very unentertaining and tiresome. For ourselves, we candidly own that we think them monstrously insipid. Their model seems to be the meanness of the Italian sonnetteers, whose everlasting aim at some prettiness or other was sometimes rewarded with a hit, but like Grattiano's reasons, when the object is attained, it is not worth the fatigue of arriving at it.

True poetry opens a nobler pursuit than this squirrel-hunting among bushes. The race of creation is within its grasp—the sublime and the immense, the exquisite touch, and the minute of nature, are indeed alike its elements; but its soul seizes them all as if by supernatural power, and does not go creeping and twining after little things, hugging poor conceits, and reveling on the luxuries of a single mean thought, when any shape of an original idea happily glances across its path. Many of our modern writers seem to imagine that poetic genius consists in the fanciful illustration of the most trite objects; that to

call a tree leafy, and a bird hoppy, and a cat purry, is genuine nature; that to speak of brutes having "lamping eyes," (page 13 of this vol.) of rills among stones having "little whiffing tones" (page 15,) of "sleek seas" (page 20,) and similar fooleries, is pure unadulterated inspiration, and not silly nonsense. They may be right: we are sceptics.

But to proceed somewhat more methodically with Mr. Leigh Hunt's volume, which we the rather treat unceremoniously, because he has the pen in his hand, and the means of publicly refuting any misrepresentation (advantages which few writers possess,) we have to state, that it consists of a dedication and preface, a principal poem in two parts, entitled 'The Nymphs,' six or eight short miscellaneous compositions, as many Epistles, twice as many Sonnets, and some translations from Homer, Theocritus, Catullus, and other ancient bards.

The preface displays a little pardonable egotism and vanity. Mr. Hunt explains what he considers to be the properties of poetry, viz. "a sensitiveness to the beauty of the external world, to the unsophisticated impulses of our nature, and above all, imagination, or the power to see, with verisimilitude, what others do not"—and, quoth he, with much simplicity, "This is a secret which I saw very early; and I attribute to the knowledge of it whatever popularity I may have obtained, whether in verse or prose." He then mentions the three living poets whom he chuses to rank with himself in this meritorious discovery, which it appears is confined to himself, Byron, Moore, and Wordsworth. The rest of this preface is not very remarkable for anything but an ill-digested mass of notions respecting many writers of all ages and nations, as a sample of which we may quote one period alluding to the Greek mythology: "Spenser, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, evidently *perked* up, and had their most graceful perceptions upon them, whenever they turned to the fair forms and leafy luxuries of ancient imagination."

Not pretending to understand this prose, we pass to what, from the shape of the lines and other indications, we take to be verse.

THE NYMPHS is a sort of poetic vision, in which all the tribes which the Classical Dictionary mentioneth, are seen and described by the author in a woody walk. The minuteness is so task-like, that were we not sure the Rape of the Lock was itself a burlesque, we should have taken this as a burlesque, performed as a given exercise, on Pope's Gnomes and Sylphs. We have the Dryads, Hamadryads, Napeads, Limniads, Oreads, Ephydriads, Naiads, Nereids, &c. all as large as life, doing, bona fide before Mr. Hunt's eyes, the business which the old mythological writers in their various fancies assigned them. For example,

There are the fair nymphs o' the woods, (Look ye,
Whom kindred Fancies have brought after me!)
There are the fair-limbed Dryads

part of whose duties it is to teach the mother blackbird to lead astray the foolish boy

When he would steal the huddled nest away.

And next,

Then, there the hamadriads are, their sisters,
Simpler Crown twisters,

As for the Napeads, whom we expected to find at St. Helena, the guardian angels of poor Nap, they have the care of fresh flowers from the spoil

Of beams, and blasts, and other blind mishaps
For little children's laps—

Of the Limniads little is told us, but as they take 'their pleasure in the lakes' we suppose, Mr. Hunt thought it polite not to trespass on the property of the Lake Poets. The Oreads 'frequent the lifted mountains,' and never was the adage more applicable than to their picture—*Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus*,—for some of them

go leaping by the laughing fountains
Down the touched crags

and others

Sit perfumed underneath the cedarn shades
Feeding the gazel with his *lamping* eyes!

The charge of the Ephydriads is not very clearly defined. They haunt islands in such situations as is laid down in the underwritten, and which baffles our topographical skill,

there, where a gap
Betwixt a heap of tree-tops, hollow and dun,
Shews where the waters run,
And whence the fountain's tongue begins to lap,
There lie they, lulled by little whiffing tones
Of rills among the stones,
Or by the rounder murmur, glib and flush
Of the escaping gush
That laughs and tumbles, like a conscious thing,
For joy of all its future travelling.

Lord help us! But really this seems to us to be sheer raving, and we know not what to make of hollow and dun tree-tops shewing where waters run, nor of the tongues of fountains beginning to lap like a litter of puppies, nor of little or great whiffing tones of streamlets, nor even of their round nor square murmurs however glib and flush, nor, verily, of their laughing (crying is more aqueous) nor tumbling, nor consciousness, nor future tours. The whole is a rhapsody, and so it proceeds

The lizard circuits them—(i. e. the Ephydriads)
—and his grave will
The frog, with reckoning leap, enjoys apart
Till now and then the woodcock frights his heart
And all is woody, mossy, and watery.

The last line is an entirely new species of rhythm: a whole poem in it would be extremely curious! We are afraid we must fatigue our readers with these selections, but we shall dismiss the other nymphs briefly. The Naiads are well known, and the only new trait in their character discovered by the author is that they lure the swans on, which following them,—

With unsuperfluous lift of their proud wings.

The Nereids are painted in a better manner, but still very affectingly, as

lifting ocean's billows,
Making them banks and pillows,
Upon whose springiness they lean and ride:
Some with an inward back; some upward-eyed,
Feeling the sky; and some with sidelong hips
O'er which the surface of the water slips.

They fly from the 'windy voices' of the clouds, and

Most they love sleek seas and springy sands.

It is not to be imagined that there are not beauties scattered among these deformities, which are taken from the first part alone. The general conception of the subject is poetical, although pursued into ramifications which destroy its effect, and treated, as we think these extracts will prove, in a strangely conceited manner. What, for instance, can be more fantastical than this idea of the guardians of shady groves,—

Ethereal human shapes, perhaps the souls
Of poets and poetic women, staying
To have their fill of pipes and leafy playing—

And their companions the nymphs, who are assured,

This hum in air, which the still ear perceives
Is your *unparalleled* voice among the leaves;
And now I find, whose are the laughs and stirrings
To make the delicate birds dart so in whisks and whirrings.

How very different is the following sweet natural sketch of the

fragrant-living bee
So happy, that he will not move, not he
Without a song—

Or the well imagined time

When morning runs along the sea
In a gold path—

But indeed the entire opening of the second part displays poetical powers not easily to be reconciled with the puerility of the general tone, nor even with the quaint language which deforms them.

As I thought this, a neighbouring wood of elms
Was moved, and stirred and whispered loftily,
Much like a pomp of warriors with plumed helms,
When some great general whom they long to see
Is heard behind them

And on the place
There fell a shade as on an awe-struck face;
And overhead, like a portentous rim
Pulled over the wide world, to make all dim,
A grave gigantic cloud came hugely uplifting him.
It passed with its slow shadow; and I saw
Where it went down beyond me on the plain,
Sloping its dusky ladders of thick rain;
And on the mist it made, and blinding awe,
The sun, re-issuing in the opposite sky,
Struck the all-coloured arch of his great eye:
And up, the rest o' the country laughed again:
The leaves were amber; the sunshine
Scored on the ground its conquering line;
And the quick birds, for scorn of the great cloud,
Like children after fear, were merry and loud.

We have here extracted what in our opinion is infinitely the best passage in the poem, which is given to the description of a crowd of aerial figures sailing on the

clouds, and ultimately descending in a circle, and kissing the eyes of the poet. Of the far-fetched nature of this description a few lines will afford a sufficient notion,

Most exquisite it was indeed to see
How these blithe damsels guided variously
Before, behind, beside - - - - -

- - - - - Another only shewed
On the far side a foot and leg, that glowed
Under the cloud; a sweeping back another,
Turning her from us like a suckling mother;
She next, aside, lifting her arms to tie
Her locks into a flowing knot; and she
That followed her, a smooth down-arching thigh
Tapering with tremulous mass internally.

Here we are again gruelled, and our anatomical knowledge fails us as completely as our topographical. We shall conclude with one specimen more, which in ten lines comprehends nearly all the absurdities of Mr. Hunt's muse, being at once senseless in epithets, confused in metaphor, affected in style, nonsensical where intelligible, and incomprehensible in its other figures, similes, and elucidations.

And more remain; (such things are in Heaven's
cure

Besides the grander spheres):
For as the racks came sleeking on, one fell
With rain into a dell,
Breaking with scatter of a thousand notes
Like twinkling pearl; and I perceived how she
Who loosed it with her hands, pressed kneadingly,
As though it had been wine in grapy coals;
And out it gushed, with that enchanting sound
In a wet shadow to the ground.

Were Mr. Hunt to exclaim with Lord Peter, 'he that does not understand let him die and be d—d,' we must bear the full brunt of the curse, for to us this whole passage is utterly inexplicable.

We pass over the Miscellanies, which are very indifferent pieces, with all their 'fine-eyed' 'pure-eyed' 'far-eyed' and every kind but gimlet-eyed phraseology; and merely notice the Epistles, to say that they are addressed to 'Dear Byron' (My Lord), 'Dear Tom' (Moore), 'Dear Hazlitt,' and 'Dear Field,' and other friends of the writer's. They attempt to be easy and facetious, but will not bear analysis either for wit or versification. *Es. gr.* in one to 'Charles Lamb' the following is the most humorous passage, But now Charles, you never (so blissful you deem me)

Come lounging with twirl of umbrella to see me.
In vain have we hoped to be set at our ease
By the rains, which you know used to bring
Lamb and peace;

In vain we look out like the children in Thomson,
And say, in our innocence, "Surely he'll come soon."

The sonnets are queer things. One of them to Henry Robertson and John Gattie begins thus,

Harry, my friend, who full of tasteful glee,
Have music all about you, heart and lips;
And, John, whose voice is like a rill that slips
Over the sunny pebbles breathingly—

Harry may be a barrel-organ, but what John Gattie's gurgling voice resembles defeats our imaginative faculty.

There only remain the Translations to notice. As themes in the second or third form they might merit praise, but they are little calculated to add a value even to this publication. We wonder that when the title of '*Foliage*' was so prettily assumed in imitation of the German '*Leaves*', and when the paltry conceit was prolonged by naming these productions '*Evergreens*', it was not rendered still more puerile by adding instead of translated, '*transplanted from the ancient poets*.' There is much of silliness in such doings, and we trust when the author's brain exfoliates in its next spring, he will give us less of his new-fangled 'blossomings' and more of old-fashioned fruit. As it is, his nymphs are not of the Hesperides.

LUTHER'S MARRIAGE.

There has just appeared in Germany a work entitled, *A Description of all the Curiosities relative to Martin Luther*; the author is M. Berger, Director of the Hospital of Eisleben. He appears highly indignant at an assertion made by a Catholic of distinction, who contends that Luther was in reality never married. M. Berger has taken infinite pains to collect authentic documents, in which the following facts are incontestably proved. The author regards them as highly important to posterity:—

"On the 13th of June 1523, whilst Dr. Pommer, the painter Cranach, and the advocate Apell, were discoursing with Martin Luther, the latter requested that they would accompany him to call on the notary Reichenbach. Catharine Bora, a reformed nun, lodged in Reichenbach's house, leading a life of modesty and piety. Luther asked her whether she was willing to become his wife? At first she did not know whether he was joking or in earnest, and she returned no answer. Luther however declared that he was serious, and Catharine at length gave him her hand. The marriage ceremony was performed on the 27th of June. In order that it might be joyfully celebrated, the magistrates delivered to the guests four bottles of Malmsey wine, an equal portion of Rhenish wine, and six quarts of Franconian wine. The council of the city moreover presented Martin Luther with a tun of Eimbrick beer.

"Finally, as an additional proof of their admiration for the Reformer, the magistracy pledged themselves, in the name of the citizens, to pay for all the wine he might consume for the space of a year. The whole of these dona-

tions amounted to the sum of three thalers, four groschens, and two pfennings."—This is certainly not the way in which Plutarch wrote the lives of his illustrious men.

VOYAGE TO THE CONGO.

(Captain Tuckey's Narrative continued.)

At banza Inga, as we concluded in our last Number, the British found the government in a commission of the inferior officers, who at the very first displayed both jealousy and cupidity. To this junta Captain Tuckey thought it prudent to vary his tale, and instead of disclaiming traffic, gave them to understand that he was the fore-runner of other white men, who would bring them every thing they required, provided his report of their conduct was favourable. A guide was promised to conduct the party to the place where the river was again navigable for canoes, about half a day's journey from Inga; and though four jars of brandy, and eight fathoms of baft, were the price of this concession, the guide was not forthcoming at the appointed time. The narrative then proceeds:

Exasperated by this intolerable tergiversation, being unable to buy a single fowl, and having but three days provisions, I remonstrated in the strongest manner, and deviated a little from my hitherto patient and conciliating manners, by telling them that if they did not furnish a guide, I should proceed in spite of them, ordering at the same time the ten men with me to fall in under arms; at the sight of which the palaver broke up, and it was *saute qui peut*. The women and children who had flocked to see white men for the first time, disappeared, and the banza became a desert; on inquiring for the men who had come with me from Cooloo, I also found that they had vanished with their masters; in short, I was the sole occupier of the banza.

Conciliating measures were now adopted, and after an hour's delay the Regency again appeared, attended by about fifty men, of whom fourteen had muskets. The Mambom, or War Minister, made a long speech, to which his army howled a sort of chorus.

During this speech he held in his hand the War Kiskey, composed of Buffalo's hair and dirty rags; and which (as we afterwards understood) he occasionally invoked to break the locks and wet the powder in our muskets.

As Captain T. did not wish to come to extremities, he compromised this quarrel, and agreed to wait till daylight for a guide.

The people here had never before seen a white man, and the European commodities we saw were reduced to a little stone jug, and some rags of clothing. The language is a dialect of the Embomma, but considerably differing. The Chenoo receives his cap from the Benzy N' Congo, who resides ten days journey to the NW. and not on the river. We bought half a dozen of fowls, but were obliged to pay for water, at the rate of three beads for a canteen. There is here a good deal of *lignum vitae*, the largest seen about 4 inches in diameter.

On the next morning, August 24th, it was found that the natives were disposed to throw every obstacle in the way of the progress of the Expedition. They said the people further on would shoot them from the bushes, and this determined the Cooloo porters to proceed no further. At length, the private bribe of a piece of baft induced one of the Inga gentlemen to offer himself as a guide, and five of his sons to carry the provisions. Leaving every thing else to the care of the Cooloo men, Captain T. at length marched with this escort at 11 o'clock. At the end of the banza they passed a blacksmith at work, fitting a hoe into a handle; his bellows was composed of two skin bags, and his anvil a large stone, but as the iron was never brought to a red heat, he got on very slowly with his job.

Our road (says the Captain) lay chiefly along the winding bottom of a valley, between two ridges of hills; the valley generally very fertile, but now without water, though furrowed by extremely deep beds of torrents. In the valley we found two towns surrounded by plantations of manioc growing almost to the size of trees. A flock of 20 or 30 goats was a novel sight, but the master being absent we could not purchase one. The women sold us some manioc, and gave us a jar of water. At the upper end of the valley we found a complete banza of ant-hills, placed with more regularity than the native banzas; they were very large, and had the shape of a mushroom, but sometimes with double and treble domes, the latter evidently intended to carry off the water in the rains. At four o'clock we reached the river at Mavoonda Boaya, where we found it still lined with rocks and vast heaps of sand, but free from all obstruction in the middle, from two to three hundred yards wide; the current gentle (not above two miles an hour,) and a strong counter-current running up on the north shore; its direction NW.

The Macaya of Mavoonda was civil: he presented palm wine, and got a cotton umbrella in return. The information respecting the upward course of the Zaire was here the most distinct yet obtained; every person agreeing that

After ten days in a canoe, we should come to a large sandy island which makes two channels, one to the NW. and the other to the NE.; that in the latter there is a fall, but that canoes are easily got above it; that twenty days above the island, the river issues by many small streams from a great marsh or lake of mud.

This information appears to set the question of the identity of the Congo and Niger at rest; but we are by no means sure that even the unanimous intelligence of the *Mavoonda-ites* is to be relied upon. Indeed it was soon ascertained that their account of the river immediately above them was not correct. Induced, however, by their representations, and believing the river to be again navigable 20 or 24 miles above Yellala, Captain T. determined to purchase two canoes and ascend the stream. During the night of the 24th, bivouacking in the open air, they were drenched by two smart showers of rain, and in the morning returned to Inga, whence Lieutenant Hawkey was dispatched, with 14 men of that place, to Cooloo, to bring up the provisions and presents. The career of poor *Cranch* the naturalist terminated here: he was too ill to proceed, and set out with the party to regain the ship. During the latter portion of these excursions, it was observed that

Each village has a grand Kisey or presiding divinity named Mevonga. It is the figure of a man, the body stuck with bits of iron, feathers, old rags, &c. and resembles nothing so much as one of our scare-crows. Each house has its *dii penates*, male and female, who are invoked on all occasions. - - - Before marriage, the fathers or brothers of a girl prostitute her to every man who will pay two fathoms of cloth; nor does this derogate in any way from her character, or prevent her being afterwards married. The wives are, however, never trafficked in this manner, except to white men of consideration. The boys are taken from the mothers as soon as they can walk, and the father sits the whole day with them on a mat. The girls are entirely neglected by the father. - - -

At Kincaya, in the valley of Bemba Macongo, the cicatrices or ornamental marks on the bodies of both men and women, were much more raised than in the lower parts of the river. The women, in particular, had their chests and belly - - - embossed in a manner that must have cost them infinite pain, the way of affecting it being to seize the skin between the fore-finger and thumb, and scarify it longitudinally with a sharp knife; and when this is done so deep as to draw the blood, the juice of a plant is applied as a styptic, and the deeper the cut is, the more raised is the cicatrice. - - - When the natives first saw the new moon, they hailed it as the precursor of the

showers of rain which they expect soon after its close (that is to say, when the sun is on the equator:) they then begin to sow their Indian corn and ground-nuts. The heavy rains do not set in for six weeks later. The river begins to rise a month before the rains, that is, immediately after the season of showers has set in. - - - A gangam kissey passed through the banza, attended by his clerk or drum-beater, with all the instruments of his profession, viz. a big drum, a parcel of calabashes filled with small stones, a piece of a tree, and a dozen stinking fetiches.

He had been sent for to a neighbouring village, to discover the cause of a man's death; and, in fact, denounced three men of another village as the poisoners. These unfortunate wretches were thereupon condemned to the ordeal of chewing poisoned bark, which, if guilty, would remain in their stomach and destroy them, if innocent, would be rejected. The natives have an irremovable confidence in their idols, and in these priests, who are always accompanied by a novice who succeeds them in their calling. A Soondy slave coming down, and an Embomma slave-trader going up, afforded our travellers no interesting intelligence. The former forgot even the name of his own town in the Ben country; and the latter was evidently unwilling to encourage European enterprise in this quarter. The *ficus religiosa* is here, as in the East, a sacred tree, and planted in every market-place. The hoe is the only instrument of husbandry.

Captain T. observes, that the impediments to communications, from the nature of the country, and the want of rivers, is the grand obstacle to the civilization of Africa.

The abolition of the Slave Trade (he adds) though it will produce little or no effect on the state of domestic slavery, (which is not incompatible with a high degree of civilization) must in the end tend greatly to improve Africa, by rendering the communication between different parts of the country free from the danger of being kidnapped, which now represses all curiosity, or all desire of the people of one banza to go beyond the neighbouring one. Every man I have conversed with, indeed, acknowledges, that if white men did not come for slaves, the practice of kidnapping would no longer exist; and the wars, which nine times out of ten result from the European Slave Trade, would be proportionably less frequent. - - - It is not, however, to be expected that the effects of the abolition will be immediately perceptible; on the contrary, it will probably require more than one generation to become apparent: for effects which have been the consequence of a practice of three centuries, will certainly

continue long after the cause is removed; and, in fact, if we mean to accelerate the progress of civilization, it can only be done by colonization, and certainly there could be no better point to commence at than the banks of the Zaire.

(To be continued.)

ABBE GEORGE'S MEMOIR.

THE OVERTHROW OF THE JESUITS.

(Continued.)

At a subsequent period, when the Jesuits in France saw that measures were seriously carrying on in that kingdom to abolish their Order, they caused a memoir to be drawn up by Father de Neuville, in which, in order to ruin the Duke de Choiseul, the minister, who was their most dangerous enemy, they accused him of lavish extravagance, and abuse of the power confided to him. They succeeded in getting this memorial presented to the King by the Dauphin (father of Louis XVI.) After some violent scenes between the latter, the Marchioness de Pompadour and the Minister, the King at last threw the memorial into the fire, and would not hear any more of the matter. From this moment, says the author, the Dauphin, by incessant calumnies, lost more and more the confidence of his father. From this time a lingering sickness, the cause of which he himself very well knew, brought him day by day nearer to the grave. I will not revive the suspicion concerning the author of his death; but so much I must remark, that in a private company at the Dowager Princess Esterhazy's, where I was present, the Emperor Joseph II. said aloud, that there was great reason to suspect the Duke of Choiseul.—The editor of these memoirs, however, the author's nephew, adds in a note, that there was no reasonable ground to be found for this suspicion, and that the Duke of Choiseul was of far too mild and humane a disposition to be capable of so enormous a crime. The author relates at great length the disgrace of this powerful minister after the death of Madame de Pompadour, and the manner in which it was effected by his enemies, particularly the Countess du Barry. Among the many anecdotes which he relates on this occasion, he informs us that the minister's cousin, the Duke of Choiseul Praslin, Minister of the Marine, who was disgraced along with him, had a mistress, named Mademoiselle D'Angeville, an actress, who had a very considerable pension on the *contract for straw for the galley slaves*. The Duke of Choiseul himself was banished to his estate, whither he repaired, accompanied by a crowd of friends, in a kind of triumph. After the death of Louis XV. he obtained permission to return to Paris, where he lived many years in the most splendid manner. His death, says our author, resembled his life; he would hear nothing of God, nor of his servants, and gave orders in his will, that instead of a cross, a cypress should be planted on his grave. While he was on his death bed, the

Prince of Luxemburg inquired how he did; with tears in his eyes, the porter answered, "Ah, Prince! except when he appears before God, he cannot be worse!" This simple answer of the porter, indicates, in the opinion of our author, the fate that awaited the soul of that enemy of the Jesuits, in the other world.

(To be continued.)

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS FOR FEBRUARY 1818.

Art. IV. *The Olympian Jupiter*. By M. Quatremere de Quincy.

(Second and concluding Article on that interesting Subject.)

In explaining in our first article the general ideas and the principal facts which form the basis of the theory of M. Quatremere de Quincy, we have followed the whole history of the Toreutic Art, or Sculpture on Metals, leaving to another occasion the analysis of his work at the interesting epoch when successive improvements had led to the introduction of the great and magnificent works in gold and ivory forming the branch which he calls the *Chryselephantine Statuary*. We have now therefore to resume the history of this important part, that is, to give the substance of 300 pages in folio.

The first fact with which we are struck on entering into the examination of this branch of the art, is to see the Greeks so extremely lavish of a material like gold, which, notwithstanding the considerable quantities sent from Asia to Greece, was always from 10 to 13 times dearer than silver, and about 37,000 times dearer than corn. M. de Quincy clearly shews the influence of religion on this custom, which astonishes us, because luxury has taken, among the moderns, an entirely different direction.

Before examining the structure and the composition of the statues in which ivory and gold were the principal materials, it was necessary strictly to define the terms which authors have used, particularly in respect to statues of gold, because the smallest mistake might lead to absurdities, or at least to serious improbabilities.

To these preliminary researches, M. Quatremere adds an instructive and succinct view of the use and abundance of ivory, before that substance was employed to imitate the human body. In fact, says the author, it would be more easy to enumerate, among the works of taste and industry of the ancients, those in which ivory was not employed, than to give an account of all those in which this substance constituted the value and the ornament.

It was doubtless by degrees, or after a succession of ages, that artists, from using ivory in articles of luxury, applied it to sculpture. The union of gold and ivory in the decoration of furniture, was communicated to works in bas-relief, during the long period in which, according to the author's theory, sculpture in wood was chiefly

cultivated. The numerous mistakes which antiquarians have committed respecting this period, oblige M. de Quatremere to take a view of what is called the school of Dedalus. It appears from Pausanias (IX. c. 3.) that before the time of Dedalus the Athenian, who lived 1400 years before the Christian era, statues of wood were made, which were called *Daidala*, whence it should seem that the artist had taken his name from the kind of works which he executed. The author concludes from this, not that Dedalus never existed, but that the word *Daidalos*, ingenious, made with art, may have become the surname of one particular artist. He also thinks there were many artists of the same name: in fact, we find artists named Dedalus at a much later period: hence, a confused tradition may have attributed to one the works and historical facts which belong to many.

At the time of Dipones and Seyllis, who lived in the 50th Olympiad, the art of sculpture in marble had made the first steps in the hands of Malas, Miciades, Anthermus of Chios; Theodorus and Rheucus, perfecting the methods of casting and moulding, had greatly advanced statuary in bronze; Gitiadas had covered with bas-reliefs of bronze the temple of Minerva Chalciæcos, at Sparta; lastly, Batycles, of Magnesia, a contemporary of Dipones and Seyllis, was executing the throne of Apollo at Amyclæ, on which he employed all the resources of Toreutic. But to these two artists are due the first statues in gold and ivory; works of a kind till then unknown.

Of all the temples in Greece which contained these works, that of Juno at Olympia possessed the most ancient; it is therefore with the statues in this temple that M. Quatremere begins his grand review of all the monuments of Chryselephantine Statuary. He first endeavours to explain every thing relative to the temple; to which he denies the high degree of antiquity which the text of Pausanias would lead us to attribute to it. There is every reason to believe that this temple had become a kind of museum of arts and antiquities, of which M. Quatremere gives the detail: Pausanias characterizes them by saying, they were in a simple style. None of the statues in the Hereum seem to have exceeded the dimensions of the human stature; and it does not appear that Chryselephantine statuary had yet ventured on colossal enterprises: doubtless, on account of the scarcity of the materials, and probably because so bold an art, where all the processes must have so much precision, in order that its productions may be durable, had not yet attained sufficient perfection. It is evident the cause cannot be looked for in want of taste for works of colossal size, for this taste was very ancient in Greece, where it resulted from the influence of the arts of Egypt: and, in fact, colossal statues of a very remote era may be mentioned. Such was that in the temple of Apollo, at Amyclæ; it was 30 cubits (42 feet 9 inches Parisian measure) in height, and, standing upright on its pedestal, resembled, says Pausanias, a

great column of bronze: the head was covered with a helmet, it had in one hand a bow, and in the other a lance. We may therefore form a pretty accurate idea of it, after this author. But it is not the same with the throne. The description in Pausanias presents great difficulties, which seem to have completely baffled M. Heyne. M. Quatremere de Quincy clearly proves, that the statue was much more ancient, and the work of an unknown artist. He confutes the opinion of M. Heyne, who thought this throne a kind of chapel. As for the restoration of this curious monument, which he himself proposes, it is almost entirely founded on analogies drawn from the throne of the Olympian Jupiter: he thinks that Phidias took from it the main idea of the latter work. He consequently proceeds in the supposition, that the throne of Amyclæ was, like the others, made of wood-work covered with gold and ivory, materials of which, to say the truth, Pausanias does not speak. M. Quatremere's design is certainly very ingenious, and answers to most of the details furnished by Pausanias; but yet we think it does not meet all the difficulties.

(To be continued.)

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, March 28.—Yesterday, Mr. Henry Jenkins, of Corpus Christi College, was elected Fellow of Oriel College.

CAMBRIDGE, March 27.—Professor Christian will begin his Lectures upon the Constitution and the Laws of England, on Monday the 6th of April next, at 11 o'clock in the morning.

The Regius Professor of Botany being unable, on account of age and infirmities, to undertake a course of Lectures, Sir James Edward Smith, F.R.S. President of the Linnean Society, will, at the request of the Professor, and with the permission of the Vice-Chancellor, give a Botanical Course during the next term.—*Camb. Chronicle.*

At a late sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, M. Delambre read the *éloges* on Rochon and Messier; M. Cuvier those on Werner and Desmarests; and M. Girard an *Historical Notice on Internal Navigation*.

The Royal Antiquarian Society of France has lately renewed its officers. The Chevalier Langles, a member of the Institute, and one of the Keepers of the Royal Library, has been appointed president; Count Malleville, and M. Michel Berr, are nominated vice-presidents; and the Chevalier Bottin, a member of several literary societies, is to be secretary.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A NEW KIND OF GAS.

Mr. George Liebig, in Darmstadt, announces, that he has made a discovery respecting gas light, from which he promises

himself various advantages. His gas yields light and warmth, and the material of which it is made, is of more value when it comes out of the retort where it is burnt than when it is put in. "We will leave," says he, "coals and charcoal to the manufacturers; my gas is derived from a finer material, which we have in abundance in our country."

THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

PROFESSOR MILLINGTON'S fifth and last lecture on Magnetism was delivered on Wednesday the 11th ult. and we lament that the press of matter in our last two Numbers prevented our noticing it, as it contained several interesting particulars which cannot be too generally known by the public. Its first object was to point out the diurnal variation of the Needle, or that which occurs each day in addition to the principal or general variation. This daily change is from 4 to 12 minutes of a degree; and since it is always greatest at the hottest part of the day, or about 3 o'clock, and least at an early hour in the morning, and also varies with the seasons, being much more perceptible in summer than in winter; it seems to point out a connexion between Solar influence and the magnetism of the Earth, which appears to have been confirmed by the experiments of Morichini, and the more recent ones of the Marquis Ridolfi, who asserts, that he can render needles magnetic by exposing them to the violet ray produced by a glass prism. An attempt was then made to account for the change of the needle's variations by the sun's influence. The most important part of this Lecture was a simple explanation of the very curious and valuable observations made by Captain Flinders, in his voyage to Terra Australis, and the deductions he made from them. By this account, it appears that many ships are annually lost, for want of a knowledge and understanding of the principle he discovered, viz. that the variation of the compass on board a ship is materially affected by the direction of the ship's head and stern, owing to the iron, which is in every vessel, becoming magnetic by induction, and thus influencing the compass. In both hemispheres, when the direction of a ship is due N. and S. the variation on board will not differ from the truth; but in the Northern hemisphere, whenever a ship's head points towards the W. the true variation is increased, while if it points to the E. it will be diminished, and this as much as 8°, as appeared in an experiment which was tried off the Start Point. The opposite effects take place in the Southern hemisphere. Any ship, therefore, whose voyage lies due N. and S. may depend upon her common observations; but in all other cases she must not steer the exact reverse course in coming home, which she did in going out, as this will inevitably deceive her, unless allowance be made for this singular effect of variation. Captain Flinders ascertained that the quantity of this change of variation did not depend

upon the latitude, but upon the dip of the needle; and in all places where the dip is alike, the quantity of this variation will be similar, and, hence, was enabled to establish this most important rule: *That the error produced at any direction of the ship's head, would be to the error at E. or W. at the same dip, as the sine of the angle between the ship's head and the magnetic meridian, was to the sine of 8 points of the compass or the radius.* This rule has since been established by trials on board several of his Majesty's ships, and ought to be known to every one connected with maritime affairs. Mr. Millington paid some highly deserved compliments to Captain Flinders, for his indefatigable exertions in the investigation of this principle, as well as to Colonel M. Beaufoy, for his accurate and careful examination of the changes in Terrestrial Magnetism, and spoke highly of a small work of Mr. Balm's, which, with Captain Flinders's Narrative, are the only two books yet published, which contain an account of the change of variation as affected by the ship's position. The remainder of this Lecture consisted of the account of some new experiments, to show the connexion between Magnetism and Electricity, which subject was proposed to be entered upon after the Easter recess.

FINE ARTS IN SCOTLAND.

(HIGHLAND SOCIETY.)

Our sole design being through the medium of the *Literary Gazette* to serve the cause of the *Fine Arts in general*, we are slow even to contrast, and slower still to condemn any public bodies which connect themselves with the object of our regard. But at the same time it would be worse than invidious were we to withhold the meed of approbation from those who step conspicuously forward as the encouragers of the arts, for fear of having it imputed to us that we thereby threw a slur on others, who either neglected a duty in that respect or did not seem moved with the spirit which alone can give energy and superiority to our national school. In this point of view, we make no excuse for devoting a considerable portion of our present publication to the proceedings of the HIGHLAND SOCIETY, which we trust are not only the commencement of a much more enlarged sphere of action, directed to the effectual patronage of the Fine Arts in Scotland, but also an example which will not fail to excite competition both in England and Ireland.

We are indeed happy, at length, to witness genius in art acknowledged, and honour conferred, by at least one public body, by a Corporation equally distinguished for the exalted rank of

its members, and for its patriotic views. That this cheap mode of encouraging the arts (a mode of all others the most gratifying to artists) has been so much neglected, does not afford any very strong proof of the progress of intellectual refinement.

We noticed, a few Numbers ago, that Mr. Wilkie had been elected an honorary member of the Highland Society. This was done on the motion of Mr. M'Gillivray; and upon the occasion offered, Mr. A. Robertson, himself a distinguished ornament to the Scottish Arts, addressed the meeting in a speech so appropriate to the subject, so replete with excellent observation, so universally applicable, that it is with no common satisfaction we find ourselves enabled to lay a *correct* report of it before the public.

Mr. ROBERTSON observed, that for the first time in the history of Scotland, it was now proposed to bestow an honourable mark of distinction on its genius in art. As this event might prove highly important in its consequences, he begged permission to trespass on their patience for a short time, while he endeavoured to shew that importance, and anticipate those results.

The Highland Society of London had greatly distinguished itself, by its exertions to collect and preserve the productions of genius in remote ages of antiquity, as contributing essentially to the reputation of the country. Nor had the claims of living genius been neglected, as appeared from the list of Honorary Members; and so long as that list was limited to twenty, and conferred only on distinguished merit, on those who had rendered important services to Scotland, the honours of that Society would continue to be courted by men of genius and learning, and by princes; so that, while it conferred, it would receive honour.

The arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, (said Mr. R.) are the last which appear in a country, and require a combination of favourable circumstances to produce them. They are the result of a high degree of intellectual refinement, and are therefore the best measure, whereby to ascertain the degree of civilization attained by a people. Barbarous nations neither know nor feel them.

Various circumstances have hitherto conspired to prevent these arts from taking root in Scotland, but chiefly, for a very long period, the disturbed state of that country, from dissensions civil and religious—still a love for these arts has prevailed, with a strong sense of their utility and importance; a feeling for which this Society has particularly distinguished itself, more perhaps than is very generally known, even to its own members.

It is not generally known, that the medal struck by this Society, to commemorate the battle of Alexandria, and the valour of our countrymen on that day, is unquestionably

the finest specimen of that class of art ever produced in this country, and vies with the best of the French collection. Let it only for a moment be compared with that given to the heroes of Waterloo, and the most inexperienced eye will immediately be struck with the difference. Medals outlive every other class of art, and were the human mind doomed again to be enveloped in darkness, by the return of barbarous ages, this medal alone would hand down, to the most remote posterity, the name of the Highland Society with the greatest honour.

The vase also, or cup, presented to the gallant 42d regiment, for their achievements on that day, has not been excelled in this country, for the purity of its taste, and the splendour of its decorations, as has been publicly expressed at this table by the highest authority.

Neither is it sufficiently known that the diploma of the Society is the most splendid example of engraving on wood, that art ever presented to the world. It is eagerly sought for, therefore, by collectors, not only in this but in other countries; and I have myself been repeatedly applied to, recently by a very distinguished member of the Royal Academy of Paris, to obtain for him, if possible, a copy of it, to shew the perfection of this art in Great Britain.

All these works have been executed from designs by the venerable president of the Royal Academy, whose name the Society has to boast of in the list of its Honorary Members.

Thus has the Highland Society added greatly to its own reputation and dignity, as well as to that of the country, by a judicious application of the fine arts to its purposes; and thus is their importance and utility practically illustrated. What honour to Scotland might we not anticipate, should the living arts of our country become an object of attention to this Society, like the music and poetry of our ancestors.

The measure now under consideration evinces a paternal solicitude for the genius of our country, more important in its probable results, than perhaps at first may appear, from the feelings peculiar to artists. Wealth was never the object of genius, nor avarice its passion. Honour, distinction, fame, and immortality, are, next to our better hopes in another world, the splendid prizes for which it contends in this, and which your votes are now about to confer on the greatest genius Scotland ever produced in art, by encircling his brow with the olive.

Meetings of public and national bodies constitute the Olympia of modern times, and although we do not now, as at the Olympic Games, form processions to bear the conqueror in triumph, nor break down our city walls to open an entrance untrod before, still merit being acknowledged, and the highest honour voted, the imagination supplies what modern custom considers unnecessary.

Convinced that the honours of the Society would sooner or later be conferred on Mr. Wilkie, Mr. R. had not permitted that

friendship of which he was proud, to rob him of the satisfaction of knowing, that this measure had arisen spontaneously, having never directly nor indirectly called the attention even of a single member to his merits. For he looked forward to this motion, as the best evidence of a feeling propitious to a measure he had long had in contemplation, in which the arts and genius of Scotland are deeply interested, and to this as a period the most favourable to bring it before the first committee.

Any eulogium on Mr. Wilkie's merits from him would be presumptuous, after the testimony to his talents, publicly given by the highest authority in art, by those most competent to appreciate them, in his being elected, at a very early period of his career, a member of the Royal Academy; a body, whose elections are guided by merit alone, and which neither wealth nor power can influence.

It has been said, that poets and painters only begin to live when they cease to exist. Not so with Mr. Wilkie. His fame has been spread by the Engraver all over the civilized world. Towards him, even envy is silenced, for artists themselves are loudest in his praise, and seem relieved by an opportunity of discussing his merits.

Yet public approbation, flattering as it has been, has often been improperly exercised, and has sometimes overlooked Mr. W.'s peculiar merits. His works have been compared to the Dutch school, because he happens to equal them in their only excellence, the mechanical execution, and because he confines the size of his works to reasonable dimensions. But when did Teniers, Ostade, or Gerard Dow, ever attempt to paint the human mind and character, or to delineate the play of the passions? When did they ever express moral sentiment and feeling, or touch the heart, by representing the sweeter enjoyments of social life? The summit of their ambition was to imitate a carpet or a cradle, a fiddle or a frying pan. The charm of Wilkie's execution is equally great, and the more fascinating, that there is no display of labour, for, *ars est celare artem*. This very excellence, however, must be considered unfortunate, so long as it shall captivate the common eye, and attract the mind from that richness of imagination and delicacy of feeling which he displays.

Take for example the picture from Duncan Gray, now to be seen at the British Institution, where it may be observed there now appears a very considerable display of Scotch talent. This picture alone shews what art may accomplish. In one moment it comprises the whole drama of that favourite song, and holds out an useful moral to young women. So rich is the invention of Wilkie, so exquisite his feeling, that he goes farther even than our immortal Bard; not only do his figures speak, but the spectator is insensibly taught to moralize. What moral did a Dutch picture ever inculcate?

The high aim of Wilkie's genius is the

human mind and character, the highest department of art. Although not epic, it is true, still it is didactic. In this respect the President of the Royal Academy has repeatedly in conversation considered him as equalled only by Raphael, and our own Hogarth.

Another highly distinguished artist, a member of the Royal Academy, no less eminent as a poet, a patriot, and an orator, than as a painter, has expressed himself as follows: "Every person acquainted with the arts in Great Britain, must have been struck by the distinguished merits lately displayed by some of your countrymen. Wilkie burst upon us like a comet, and continues to blaze with undiminished splendour. Raeburn has long maintained his ground with steady ability and notoriety; his election to the honours of the Academy, unsolicited by him, and I believe at the time unknown to him, was a strong testimony to his merits. To them, as you well know, many other names might be added, which do great credit to the pencil; as, for instance, Allan, Nasmyth, Geddes, &c. Invasions from the North have always been of a formidable character. Until of late, however, the regions of taste appeared a district too barren to invite your approaches. You are now indeed making inroads on this territory, of a nature so alarming as to excite some apprehensions how long we may be able to make head against you with success."

Thus it appears, that Wilkie is not the only artist who has done credit to Scotland, and received the honours of the Royal Academy. Like other comets, he was preceded, and is followed by a train, composed of the names of Raeburn, two Nasmyths, Williams, Geddes, Allan, Watson, two Burnetts, three Wilsons, Saunders, Stewart, Thomson, Irvine, Henning, &c.; and thus may Scotland at length be considered to hold a rank among nations distinguished for arts. That in ten or twelve years, it should furnish its proportion in number and talent of the British school, would seem incredible, but for the gratifying fact that it actually does so; and he appealed without fear, of contradiction to the different exhibitions of the Royal Academy and the British Institution, whether one-tenth part of the talent, annually displayed in London, is not from Scotch artists.

Too long our land, tho' rich in stores of mind,
Proud to be free, scarce deign'd to be refin'd,
Still with a surly Spartan virtue frown'd,
Nor sought to rival states for arts renown'd;
But now no longer heedless we refuse
The proffer'd garland of the Graphic Muse.
Old Scotland binds her laurel'd brows once more,

And adds the only wreath unwon before.

It may be worthy of consideration, therefore, whether some public means ought not to be adopted, to hold out inducements for our artists to withdraw some part of their attention from their present pursuits, to others more noble and dignified, in illustrating the history and poetry of our country, the costume, manners, and scenery of

which are so much more poetic than those of any other country, and to which he had occasion to know that artists would give a decided preference, even if less lucrative. But until some public feeling is excited, such works would only be admired. Would to God, that Wilkie's Duncan Gray could be secured as the foundation of a national gallery! were such to be established, with what feelings of enthusiasm would our artists commemorate the deeds of our countrymen in arms, when, in Egypt, and at Maido, they first broke the charm that had well nigh enslaved Europe; and of achievements in every quarter of the world, by heroes whom we so often see around us at the meetings of this Society. With what feelings of inspiration would they represent the gallantry of the Scotch Greys, and the 92d regiment at Waterloo, when "Clan na ghael na gual na cheil" they rushed upon the foe shouting, Scotland for ever! And here let humble virtue be remembered, as well as valour, in the grenadier of the 71st regiment, who refused the proffered watch and purse of a French general, to let him escape, after having taken him prisoner. "No, Sir," said he, "I don't want your watch, nor your money; I am a soldier, not a robber; go to the rear!" What an example to posterity! What a subject for the pencil! But while these crowd on the mind, let not the brave fellow now present be forgotten, formerly piper major of that regiment, who has this day inspired us, by the sound of the same martial pipe with which, while he lay on the field at Vimiera dreadfully wounded, he cheered his comrades, and shewed that

"The Fibrocha loud inspiring peal,
The Highland arm, the Highland steel
That made the Romans backward reel,
Had never lost its energy."

Such are the subjects for the pencil of genius, which the history of Scotland affords.

Perhaps the warm interest he felt on this subject may be said to approach that enthusiasm which, directed to one object, sees no world beyond its narrow sphere; but what say statesmen and legislators, on the fame to be acquired, and the importance of the arts to a country?

The report of a committee of the House of Commons, appointed to enquire into the expediency of purchasing the Elgin marbles, contains the following sentence, which speaks volumes, and will immortalize the writer and that committee:—

"Your committee cannot dismiss this interesting subject, without submitting to the attentive reflection of the House, how highly the cultivation of the fine arts has contributed to the reputation, character, and dignity of every government, and how intimately they are connected with every thing valuable in science, literature, and philosophy.

"In contemplating the importance and splendour, to which so small a republic as Athens rose, by the genius and energy of her citizens, exerted in the path of such

studies, it is impossible to overlook how transient the memory and fame of extended empires, and of mighty conquerors are, in comparison of those who have rendered inconsiderable states eminent, and immortalized their own names, by these pursuits."

In confirmation of these sentiments, it may now be asked, in the words of Mr. Shce—

"What now of all that Rome or Athens graced;
In war or conquest, wealth or splendour placed;
Their gods, their godlike heroes, princes,
powers,
Imperial triumphs, and time-braving towers;
What now of all that social life refined,
Subdued, enslaved, or civilized mankind,
What now remains? save what the Muse
imparts,
Relate their ruins, or unfold their arts."

Entreating the indulgence of the meeting for having occupied so much of their valuable time, and convinced that the measure now proposed will be productive of the most important results to the honour of this Society, and to the fame of our country, by the advancement of its arts, he begged leave most cordially to second the motion of their most valuable secretary, Mr. McGillivray, that Mr. Wilkie be elected an Honorary Member of the Highland Society of London.

The question was then put, and carried by acclamation.

Most heartily do we rejoice in this proceeding. How it was received by the celebrated object of it, appears from the following letter:—

Kensington, March 10, 1818.

SIR,

I have duly received your letter, by which I am informed, that the Highland Society of London, at a General Court, held on the 21st ult. have been pleased to elect me an Honorary Member of their body.

For such a mark of distinction, conferred by such a Society, I beg that you will have the goodness to convey my warmest acknowledgments to that patriotic Corporation: In expressing the feelings of gratification, with which this circumstance has impressed me, I am led to observe, that one of the most powerful means of encouragement to the arts, in all ages, has been the countenance and favour of public bodies and constituted authorities.

Such countenance confers a dignity upon the art, and never fails to give a higher and more national aim to the views of the artist. This I feel to be particularly my own case, in having thus been honoured, as a Scottish Artist, with the public approbation of a Society, composed of the most distinguished of my countrymen in rank and respectability, whose enlightened views and patriotic exertions have done so much for the Highlands of Scotland in the general improvement of that romantic country, and in the preservation of the literature, music,

manners, and heroic virtues, of its ancient people.

I have the honour to subscribe myself,
Sir,

With great consideration and respect,
Your very obedient humble Servant,
DAVID WILKIE.

To Donald McKinnon, M.D. Hon. Sec. of the Highland Society of London.

On these statements we shall venture but one remark, not as an already merited eulogy, but as an encouragement to Scotland—not as a censure, but as a stimulus to England.

The Scotch, from the general diffusion of knowledge, are said to be the most intelligent nation in the world, as a people. The arts are new to them, but they seem to feel their importance, and the respect due to genius; and should Scotland adopt the Fine Arts as a national object, the wealth of England will, in the page of history, only increase the contrast afforded by the superior policy of the sister country.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

No. 9.

CLIV. THE PROCESSION ON CLAIMING THE FLITCH OF BACON.—*J. M. Wright.*

This holiday pageant (before exhibited) is the production of an artist who on a former occasion excited considerable surprise and admiration, by a picture, founded on ancient images, called the *Burning Shame*, in which he displayed great comic powers. The *Canterbury Pilgrims* unquestionably suggested the idea of both. In the particular of costume, which we hold to be an indispensable requisite in works of this class, Mr. Wright has given the rein too much to his imagination, and has painted a gorgeous procession, rather than a rustic revel. Neither has he adhered to his authority, Blount's *Jocular Tenours*, who thus describes this custom, instituted by Sir Philip de Somerville, about the time of Edward the Third:

And so shall they depart the manour of Whitchure, with the corne and the beecone before hym that hath won yt, with trumpettes, tabourines, and othyr manner of mynstrale.

But the artist has given us Grecian nymphs, and triumphal chariots and war horses, and has not even carried the flitch before the happy pair. Nevertheless this is a spirited and clever effort of the pencil. The painter has shewn us what he can do, and has only misapplied his talents in the instance before us.

VII. XXVIII. LXV. XCV. CH. CXCV. CCLXXII. CCLXXXII. VARIOUS LANDSCAPES, &c.—*P. Reinagle, R. A.*

All these subjects bear the well-known character of Mr. Reinagle's hand: they are

lively, natural, and finely coloured. One, the entrance to a wood, from last year's exhibition, is in a firm and clear style, and with a light which breaks across the road well introduced. Another, an evening scene, has a very peculiar and interesting effect, even at a height which we are sorry prevents our inspecting it more narrowly.

In the same situation are landscapes by *T. Roberts* and *J. O. Tudor*, of considerable merit (the former in the style of Poussin,) from the near contemplation of which we are equally excluded. The same cause will hinder us from noticing many pictures in the present Gallery (nearly all those which we do not particularize,) and the account of which we will wind up in verse:

Where many a picture, grace, and glowing hue,
The fate of dull obscurity must share;
Or placed too low to meet the gazer's view,
Or placed so high no eye can scan the glare.

CXXXI. COTTAGE GIRL.—*W. Ross.*

In point of character, this is a young lady under the semblance of a cottager. The painter is, we understand, a very youthful artist; he has, however, produced what is in many a last achievement, a good specimen of mellow and warm colouring. The hands, arms, and part of the face, in particular, have a fine tone of flesh. The shadows on the neck are evidently too dark. Upon the whole it is a very promising picture, and with all the feeling for the art which it displays, requires no further notice from us than a warning not to be negligent in subordinate parts.

XXX. XLIX. XCVII. CCXXIX. CCXL. LANDSCAPES.—*P. Nasmyth.*

The first, of Norwood, is touched with great spirit, but we think is too much of one tone, and with its foliage cutting too hard against the sky. The second, Millars Lynn, is a picturesque scene, but heavily coloured, wanting in keeping, and with its objects rather huddled together. The remainder are very good specimens of this artist's skill.

CXCV. SHEPHERD BOYS.—CCIX. THE NEW TOY.—*W. T. Witherington.*

This picture (CXCV.) is much improved since last year. The sky is less monotonous, and the distance fine. There is a Cuyppish air of simplicity about it, which we like exceedingly. The new Toy is a bauble: not so well handled.

XXXV. VIEW NEAR DULWICH.—CXC. TYNEMOUTH PRIORY.—*Sam. Prout.*

The first is in a fine broad style, but looks more like the preparation for a picture, than a finished work. The second is a more favourable sample of ability.

XXXVII. CXXXVII. CCLXVI. VIEWS, MOSTLY IN PETERSHAM WOOD.—*Ch. Deane.*

Landscapes in a very decided and somewhat peculiar style. They are rather heavy, and spotted too equally with light and dark, but withal have much promise, and bring off the stamp of nature from the lovely scene whence they are taken.

CLXXXIX. SALISBURY, FROM THE BISHOP'S GARDEN.—*F. Nash.*

This is one among the most pleasing of the small pictures; simple in its forms, and harmonious in its colour, resembling the later pictures of Wilson, though without his abstract quality of effect, to which water with clear and still reflected objects are essential ingredients.

LIII. &c.—*S. J. Stump.*

This Evening Scene with cattle we select as a clever example of Mr. Stump's talent. It is a pleasing composition, and well coloured.

LVII. THE YOUNG MOURNER.

C. R. Leslie.

A little tender piece, of a girl lamenting the death of a favourite bird; a pretty painting, with some pathetic character.

LVIII. MOEL-HEAD-HOAG, CARNARVONSHIRE. *John Laporte.*

Who would expect from such a name a beautiful little cabinet picture, which this is. The talents of the artist are two well known to require further remark, than that this is in his best manner.

LXI. A VOLCANO.—CLXXI. RICHMOND, MOONLIGHT.—*Rich. Tallmach.*

The two opposite effects are rather skillfully managed. The latter is cool and misty, yet sufficiently luminous. There is enough of incident, but the figures are much inferior to the other parts.

CXXXVI. THE UNFORTUNATE CHICK.

W. Anderson.

The unfortunate chick!

CXXXIV. A GIRL AND BLACKBIRD.

I. de Fleury.

Another bird, as unfortunate as the chicken aforesaid.

CLXIX. EDWARD THE MARTYR STABBED BY ORDER OF ELFRIDA.

And again murdered by *Wm. Thomas.*

CGIV. PENNING THE FLOCK.—*J. Stark.*

Though we have already noticed this artist, we cannot pass the present picture. It is a charming effect, and covered with the glow of summer. The catching light on the sheep is exquisite. There is perhaps a monotony in the sky, which, though natural, is not picturesque.

CCXVI. WATER-MILL.—*John Wilson.*

We merely pause to say, that this production is in a cool, clear, and unobtrusive style, and possesses much merit.

CCXXXIV. THE CUP FOUND IN BENJAMIN'S SACK.—*T. Forster.*

We do not know whether this artist is young or old, but have to notice, that though he has painted a work congenial to the objects of the Institution, it was unnecessary to introduce to his canvas that confusion which we doubt not the event it commemorates did actually produce.

OCLXXXIV. SCOTCH COUNTRY FAIR.
A. Currie.

An artist of considerable talents for exhibiting local manners, though rather in a poor style. Incidents approaching the coarse should, if introduced at all, be introduced in the back ground.

Having, in winding up our review of this Exhibition, in a Number of which a large proportion is devoted to other Essays on the Fine Arts, exceeded our limits, we think it advisable to postpone our concluding remarks till our next.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT TO CUPID.

Around me, arch Boy, why thus wantonly play?
You vex me, you tease me, by night and by day:
Whatever I think, and whatever I do,
It's all about Lucy, sweet Lucy and you.

Have done with this fooling, ay Urchin, be-
gone!—
You've warm'd me and charm'd me; the mischief
is done.

And as for my heart, I have lost it, slack!
And Lucy has found it, and won't give it back.

That heart, gentle God, I resign to thy care;
Oh judge thou the Maid that's so cruel and fair!
Let her keep it, I pray; but I hope you'll decree,
That as she takes that, she must also take me.

W.

THE

MARRIAGE OF PELEUS AND THETIS.

High plac'd upon a hill of Thessaly,
(That lifts its forehead to the clear blue skies,
And, when the storms are high,
And, like its diadem, the lightning shines,
Shakes, in wild music, all its whispering pines)
Sat twice ten thousand Deities.

Pelion! in song renown'd, and heathen story,
Dost thou remember that auspicious day,
(Mark'd in celestial history)

When Gods and star-bright spirits deign'd to
stray

Along thy rills, and thro' thy pastures sweet,
Or, sporting on their heavenly pinions fleet,
Shook light and fragrance thro' the noontide
air?—

Then every God that lov'd the nymphs was there,
(The nymphs, the Gods' especial care)

And Goddesses and spirits all of mighty name.

First sweet Aurora in the morning came—
(For well she lov'd the sea-green maid
Thetis, who won't her streaming hair to braid,
Ere yet Apollo dash'd the shores with flame,)

And over Pelion's giant head she threw
(For this was Thetis' nuptial day)

A veil of roses, such as in the Spring
Burst into beauty 'fore the suns of May.

And many a flower, touch'd with the rainbow's hue
She cast—such (tho' on earth they fade away)
In heaven live ever blossoming.

And this was the coy Thetis' nuptial day—
The Bridegroom was a man of fame,
(His line immortal, though from earth his name)

And thro' a kingdom once held scepter'd sway—

(Thessalian Pelion) . . . 'Twas a day of state,
And all the assembled Gods and heroes then
Came down, in mortal shape, 'mongst men,
(Save one—the greatest of the great)
Those holy rites of Love to celebrate.

Then came 'The Mightiest' on his blazing throne
Born downwards, buoyant on a thunder-cloud:
And, as he passed, each living creature bowed.
Mountains, and woods, and waves, were forced
to own

His powerful presence—tho' unseen he rode,
And spar'd the world the image of a God—
Saturnian Jove!—on Pelion's topmost height
Thou sat'st amidst the cowering deities,
Rank'd each in order, fit, as in the skies,
They took their place to view this marriage rite.

The Queen of Heaven was there (her braids of jet
Clasp'd by a dazzling coronet);

Her port was majesty—her look was light—
And pale Minerva, with her face divine,
And with mild eyes intelligently bright—

And there Apollo's brow was seen to shine
'Midst the rich clusters of his golden hair;
And Venus, with her zone unbound, was there,
Upon a thymy hillock bent;—

And Bacchus, crown'd with leaves of vine,
(Son of the star-bright Semele)—and Mars,
And dark Bellona left their thundering cars,
To consecrate a day so sweet and fair;—

And Neptune charmed, and left his element.

Below—below—joyous the woods among
And fountains,—thro' the cool and leafy shade,
Bright nymphs and sylvan spirits stray'd—
Some laughing chased—some 'woke the cheerful
song—

And some that strain to melancholy death—
Some bathed their limbs amidst the waters clear,
(Naiads and bear'n-born Nereides.)

Or plunged their hands within some secret
well,

And, as they flung on high the sparkling wave,
Muttered each a soothing spell.

Fearless the Dryads left their sacred trees,
For well that day did the rude Fauns behave,
And, thro' the morn—the noon—the evening
hours—

Some tore the violet from its stem
To grace the Sea-maid's couch when night should
spread,

And some inwove a diadem,
(Form'd all of roses white) to deck her head;
Some pluck'd the golden fruits, some roll'd
amongst the flowers.

Still were some wanting: yet, as day declined,
They came—Then, first, was heard Favonius'
sigh,

Wild whispering thro' the blossoms, as he plied
Away, in notes of fragrant melody—
And Cupid, who till then had flutter'd far,
Blushing, and fretful on his varying wing,
And wept to see the Nereids' fear,
Came wheeling round and round—near and more
near—

(As doves come homeward in their mowing
ring.)

And loitering Dian sent her vesper star
To tell her coming, and to say, that night
She nearer to the Earth would bend her head,
And rest a moment on old Pelion's height,
And kiss pale Thetis on her bridal bed.

And now the nymph was borne along
(Midst dance, and festal song)

In spotless garments, as became a bride,
Whilst Pelion languish'd by her side,
Breathing, in murmurs faint, his fondest sigh:
His helmet and his arms were all laid by—

Yet look'd he (tho' unarmed he rode)
Hero—and prince—and demigod.
His head was laurel'd, and his eyes of fire
Fashion'd to softness all, and looks of love:
Around his shoulders broad a robe he threw,
Stained with the murex' matchless hue:
(This the rude Fisher found, who went to rove,
Seeking for bright shells thro' the seas of Tyre.)

Now was the altar won,
And that sweet rite begun.

Mysterious, that unites, in lawful chain,
Hearts, that none may part again:

Bright was the flame, and holy, that arose,
(Fed all by flowers that once on Pelion grew)

And sweet the incense that ascended high,
Fann'd by Favonius' sigh,

(Favonius who at evening gently blows,
And stirs the laurel on Parnassus side.)

Aloft, in pairs, the birds of Venus flew
And all without a pang the victim fell.

All was propitious. Soon, amidst the throng,
Low tones were heard, increasing, till the side
Dilated to a sound of war. That song
Thro' all the caves on Pelion's side,
Burst—and then (diminish'd) died.

Then breathed the flute—the bagle plain'd afar—
(In tones of music but too near to woe)—
The trumpet pour'd its note—and all was still—
Silence was heard o'er vale and hill,

When (from on high descending, like a star
That leaves its orb to watch o'er man below)
Hymen, the God of wedded love, was seen,
Standing beside the altar green:

Before his feet the votive wreaths were flung,
And wildly sweet the hymn—his hymn—by
kneeling virgins sung.

And midnight came, and all the Gods departed,
And nymphs,—and left the lovers to repose
On pillows of the fresh-blown rose—
The winds were silent—and the waters played
No more—lest that they should the sea-green
maid

disturb—(no longer pale and broken hearted)
Love only o'er the couch was hovering
(A couch that gods had deigned to bless,
Where each had given some gift of happiness)

Love only staid—he kiss'd each forehead fair,
And flung narcotic odours from his wing,
(Sweet beyond man's imagining.)

Then took his flight upon the morning air—
Yet every night returned, and blessed that happy
pair.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

ANECDOTE OF THE PRESENT KING OF
THE NETHERLANDS.

Lubeck, March 10, 1818.

It is about 20 years ago that Mr. Neale, a respectable citizen of this place, worked in a baking-house at Chepstow in the Principality of Wales. He had lived there three years, without seeing one of his German countrymen, when one afternoon the landlord of the King George sent to tell him, that a German, just arrived, wished to speak to him. He hurried to the public-house, and found a man plainly dressed, who accosted him in the German language. Mr. Neale asked him, as in the general custom, to drink a pot of beer with him, which he accepted, and this was followed by a second; he then invited him to take a walk about the beautiful place. On their return, our

countrymen went into another public-house and drank some glasses of rum, after which the stranger recollected that it was time to think of his departure. They had nearly reached the house, when he suddenly stopped, and asked Mr. Neele what he supposed him really to be? at the same time opening his grey great coat, and shewing a large and brilliant star upon his breast. Mr. Neele, who had till then taken him to be a merchant, answered with surprise, That he must be some great person, and hoped that he had not offended him; but he could not tell his rank. Upon this the stranger declared himself to be the Prince of Orange, who had fled to England from the invasion of the French. He then wrote Mr. Neele's name in his pocket-book, thanked him for his kind reception, and after they had bid each other farewell, he left him, to prepare for his departure. Shortly afterwards, as Mr. Neele had some business out of doors, a coach passed him: the gentleman in it stops it, and beckons him to come, when he again heartily takes his hand; it was again the friendly Prince, whom Mr. Neele never saw after.

Last winter, as Mr. Neele, who has long since returned to his native country, and is settled at Lübeck, was sitting in conversation with an acquaintance, who had travelled a great deal, the latter boasted of having seen the present King of the Netherlands: "You do not know him so well as I do," replied Mr. Neele, "for I once drank a pot of beer with him." As the other would not believe it, Mr. N. resolved to write to the monarch. He wished him joy on the happy change of his fortunes, and on his accession to the throne; asking whether he still remembered him, and mentioned to him his present circumstances. Soon after this, he received the following answer:—

Brussels, May 17, 1817.

"On reading your letter, His Majesty still remembers with pleasure the acquaintance you formed with him at Chepstow 20 years ago. His Majesty hopes that you may always be happy in your present circumstances, and has given me the commission, as a token of remembrance, and as a proof that he appreciates your frankness, to send you two copper-plates, representing Her Majesty the Queen, and H. R. H. the Prince of Orange. We have no good likeness of the King at present. These two copper-plates are deposited in the hands of Baron Von Lynden, Civil Governor of Arnheim, who will deliver them according to your orders.

"I am glad of this opportunity to offer my friendship to a man whom the King my master so highly esteems.

"The Secretary of State, Makly."

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS OF THE ARRONDISSEMENT REMIREMONT, IN LORRAINE.

The arrondissement of Remiremont, in the department of the Vosges in Lorraine, has several remarkable customs respecting marriages.

On the wedding-day, the guests assemble

in the bridegroom's house, who brings them, in company with his father, to his bride. On their way thither not a gun must be fired, for such a sign of joy would be considered a blamable presumption, so long as they are not sure of obtaining the bride. The procession moves in the following order: first, the father of the bridegroom, then the bridegroom, then his friend, and the young people invited. When they arrive at the house of the bride, the father of the bridegroom asks the father of the bride, who sits quietly at her spinning-wheel, and dressed in her every-day clothes, if he will permit his daughter to join the party, and go with them to mass? He answers, that he thanks them for their kind invitation, and accepts it. Now the girls who have assembled at the bride's house, immediately begin to look for her shoes.* As soon as they are found, the girls withdraw with the bride, and employ themselves in another apartment in dressing her. Meanwhile the parents place themselves round the fireside, and praise the young couple; but flattery does not dishonour their conversation, nor do they ever carry their praise too far, they only say what is proper, and agreeable to truth: The bridegroom is a good farmer, or a good cheesemaker; he carefully attends the meadows and the cattle; he is a skilful ploughman, or nobody threshes better, and nobody makes a better bargain: The bride is well behaved, modest, and handsome; she is quick at spinning; she understands milking and churning, is a good housewife; takes care of her father and mother, and rejoices her parents by her mild and obedient disposition.

During this conversation the girls appear again, and fasten ribbon and laurel to the button-holes of the clothes of those whom they choose for their leaders.

As soon as they have finished dressing the bride, all the girls assemble in the room; but the young men remain in the kitchen.† Then the father of the bridegroom comes forward, and addresses the father of the bride: "In consequence of the betrothing of my son to your daughter, I come to ask her in marriage in the name of my son, now here present, who will make of her a good honest housewife." The polite manner in which you urge your request, prevents me from refusing you, particularly as it is for her happiness; but before I grant it, permit me to ask you whither you intend to take her?‡—"To

* Plutarch says the Egyptian women wore no shoes, that they might not too often go from their father's houses; probably the losing the shoes of the country girls in Lorraine is founded on the same motive.

† The room in which the girls are, is kept as sacred as the gynæceum, or the women's apartment, among the ancients.

‡ A similar dialogue takes place at the marriages of the peasants of Bretagne. See Cumbry, Voyage dans le Finistère, vol. iii. p. 164.

§ This question is always put: it shews in an affectionate manner, the paternal care, and the fear that his daughter should go too far from him,

Cleuria."—"But are not the roads, which lead to that village, bad?"—"I assure you that the road is bordered on both sides with green sward."—"I must however observe to you, that the person whose hand you seek acts as my housekeeper, and that I can give her to you only under one condition."—"What is that?"—"That you supply her place with another who suits me, as I am, I may say, alone; my household would go to ruin if my daughter were taken from me."—"I must confess that you will suffer a great loss; but when a girl has attained a certain age, she must think of settling: the sight of an affectionate couple is much more agreeable to God, than the sight of an old bachelor."—"If that is the case, the person you ask for, is just now in our garden; she is shewing her friends how to take care of roses; if she is not too much engaged, I will bring her to you."

After this he fetches the bride's-maid, and presents her to the father of the bridegroom, saying; "I have not been long gone to fetch you the person you desire." "She is handsome, indeed, and appears to be in good health; however she is not the one whom I wish for." The father of the bride (presenting another,) "I have again looked in our garden, I hope I have made no mistake this time."—"I am sorry to tell you that she is not the person you are so kind as to present to me; however, as she appears to be as modest as handsome, she is I think deserving of a good husband, and will soon find one who will make her happy."† [In case the godfather is to supply the place of the father of the bride, he fetches his own daughter, or one of his nearest relations, and presents her to the father of the bridegroom, saying, "Here is one, who, I believe, is not the same whom you desired; but as she is quick and industrious, you might dispose of her to a friend of yours."‡] The father of the bridegroom, "All the girls you have presented to me, appear to me to possess the best qualities. Certainly none of them would make a husband unhappy, or give her daughters a bad example; however, none of them is the one whom my son's heart has chosen, and, if you will permit me, I will go myself into the garden, and, as I hope, find her soon."—"I will not give you this trouble; however, you see that in our garden there are flowers of all kinds of colours and fine odours; the finest mostly prefer the cool shade." He now approaches the bride, who is distinguished from the other girls by her black dress;§ and her

¶ The parental care again shews itself here.

* If there be any more sisters, this observation is notwithstanding made; most likely to give the bride a greater value.

† If there be only one girl present at the marriage, the same is introduced several times; of this introduction the girls are not a little proud. If one girl is passed over unnoticed, she thinks herself disgraced.

‡ The black dress is thought by the inhabitants of Lorraine the most modest, and is therefore chosen as the most proper for a young married woman. The girdle is also among them, as among the Greeks, the symbol of modesty.

broad silver girdle, her crown, which is fastened to her cap, and by her pocket-handkerchief, which she has in her hand; and says, 'Here is one, who from her mildness, modesty, and virtue, might be the one you seek for.'—"Yes, that is she; my wish is fulfilled." The father of the bride now makes a short speech to his daughter, in which he represents the holiness of matrimony, reminds her of the duties of a wife and a mother, and sets before her the example of that useful domestic animal the hen. § Then he takes his daughter by the hand, presents her to the father of the bridegroom, and says, 'And you, my old friend, because you have promised for your son to make her a good housewife and mother, I will give her to you: may she strengthen the bond of our friendship.' The father of the bridegroom presents her to his son, and says, "I give you this companion, in the hope that you will fulfil the duty of a good husband." The bride kneels to receive her father's blessing: the same is done by all the company. The blessing is preceded by a simple, and frequently very affecting exhortation, at which the young couple and the company often shed tears: as soon as the speech is finished, they all proceed to the church.

(To be concluded in our next.)

§ The custom of representing the hen as a partner for a wife and a mother, is also very ancient.

BIOGRAPHY.

M. de Tréneuil, whose death was lately announced in the Paris papers, was born at Cahors in 1766. A lively and brilliant imagination soon decided his taste for poetry; a noble mind, and elevated sentiments, directed his talents towards that class of composition for which the utmost sensibility is requisite. The revolutionary crimes and furies made a deep impression on his poetic genius, and developed all the qualities which plaintive elegy demands. His attention was turned towards the profanation of the Royal Tombs of St. Denis; and having consecrated the first lays of his muse to deplore the degradation of the ashes of the Kings of France, he devoted her to lament the misfortunes of the august daughter of Louis XVI. He published his poetic essays whenever circumstances enabled him to do so, and even under the government of Buonaparte they drew forth tears for the misfortunes of the family of the Bourbons.

The subjects on which M. de Tréneuil fixed his choice, have frequently thrown a shade of darkness over his colouring, and imparted to his elegies a tragic character which does not strictly belong to productions of that class. But in his poem addressed to the Princess Amelia on the death of her brother, and the one on the captivity of Pius VI. as he had not to record either the calamities of the throne, nor the outrages committed on the royal shades, he

has produced elegies which strictly conform with the rules of the poetic art.

About a year ago M. de Tréneuil published all his elegies in one volume; this collection was preceded by a discourse on the nature and poetic character of the subjects he treated, and which proves that he could write prose as ably as verse.—This essay on Elegies abounds in learned investigations on the origin of that class of poetry among the ancients, and displays the literary acquirements of the author, and his familiarity with the dead languages.

M. de Tréneuil was fully sensible of the talent with which he was endowed; he spoke of it with that Gascon vivacity which so much resembles vanity. He was more proud of the merit of his works than of the notice with which they were honoured by the Committee of the Institute, in their report on the decennial prizes of deceitful memory. He patiently awaited the day when academic justice should award to him one of those chairs so frequently granted by favour.

Decorated by the King with the order of the Legion of Honour, M. de Tréneuil lived in retirement, far from intrigues and coteries. His only wish was to see the Journals pay that tribute of homage to his works, which he was confident they deserved. He resided within the arsenal where he was librarian, leading a life exempt from ambition, and surrounded by literary treasures.

A lingering and painful disorder terminated his existence, after a year of suffering. His remains were interred in the burial-ground of *Père Lachaise*, and a vast number of distinguished literary characters attended the funeral.

Attached from his childhood to the cause of legitimacy, he constantly supported it by his writings, and verified the judgment pronounced by a writer fully competent to appreciate his talent and his character: "*Que ce sont les beaux sentiments que font les beaux vers.*"

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—THE SLEEPING DRAUGHT.

—On Wednesday a Farce (and we like farces) under this title was produced; it is the avowed work of Mr. Penley, for the author does not shroud himself, a quondam performer here, but now, we believe a performer of funerals. Such a man is familiar with scenes of death, and we are not surprised, that in *undertaking* to write for the stage, he should stick a little to his ordinary line of business, and treat us with *dyings, resurrections, and ghosts*. The piece is, however, very humorous and whimsical; a little too long, and somewhat too coarse, (blemishes, we will tell the author, both in dramas and winding sheets,) but winding up well, and at the last dismissing the audience in a fit of laughing, which in this branch of his performances, Mr. Penley will acknowledge is better than coughing.

We observe a Farce is about to be published, called *Love and Laudanum*, which has been played with the most distinguished success at—Woolwich! As this is also a soporific name, we suspect, from the coincidence, there may be some *borrowing*; * but we can only speak to what we have seen—*The Sleeping Draught*. There is not much of novelty in its composition. A Spanish lover and his pert Valet admire a lady and her maid, whose uncle and master, as usual, wishes the former to marry another man. The servant gets into the house disguised as the Dutch lackey of the favoured lover, and drinking by accident a sleeping draught for wine, is supposed to be dead and hidden in a chest. He is carried off by robbers in this retreat, and deposited with his master's father, an old miser. In his concealment he becomes acquainted with secrets which enable him to wring the consent from the old gentleman to the union of the parties. The terrors of his appearance, while attempting to escape from his embryo, give rise to the amusing situations and fun of the farce, and the silliest part about a dumb man's coming to kill a calf, was rendered very ludicrous by the clever acting of Harley, who does these sort of things so well, that we could hope he will never give up the ghost.

* Since writing the above, we have seen a letter in the Morning Post, accusing Mr. Penley of having stolen his farce from *Love and Laudanum*.

COVENT GARDEN.—MARQUIS DE CARABAS.—In The Critic, when the second morning gun is fired, the author rebuts an objection by asserting, that "we can't have too much of a good thing," and the Managers of Covent Garden seem to have been of the same way of thinking. Not only two pantomimes per annum; but nothing else except pantomime from Christmas to Midsummer. We differ both from them and the Critic:—this is really too much of a good thing! We have seen a mill, at a puppet-show, for grinding old people young again, but as we know of no contrivance for keeping the play-going population of this great city always in babyhood, we do hope that the managers will allow the leading-strings, rattle, coral, and go-cart, to be laid aside for a short period during the season, that if we may not have (for that seems for ever gone by with this theatre) the excellent recreation of a laughable farce, we may have at least something as elevated as a prosing romance or an adventurous melo-drame! Our friend Shakespeare, in his seven ages, certainly paints "the Infant, mewling and puking in the nurse's arms," and the "second childishness," "sans every thing," as the first and last features of his picture, — but "there is a world between," and for that world, as we humbly conceive on the same authority, was the drama more especially intended, "whose end both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the

very age and body of the time, his form and pressure." With what mind then could any person of common intellect fancy that this nursery tale, of the lowest and least dramatic kind, could furnish entertainment to a rational public. What is there in Puss in Boots to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature? Alas, the great ends of the Stage are miserably sacrificed, when it is possible to suppose that such childish buffoonery could succeed. The total deprivation of the public taste must be clearly calculated on, before an audience, capable of submitting to such an insult on their understanding, could be expected. Now this ought to be a lesson to the public as well as to the theatres. If trash is invariably and indignantly rejected, the Managers will soon learn wisdom from experience, and we shall see the Stage graced with better pieces than are at present produced either by dramatic playwrights as authors, or under the sanction of dramatic Carpenters as Judges.* It is far from our wish to recommend severity towards those whose interests must render them anxious to please, but there is such a system in modern management, that a few wholesome examples, as much as to say, *John Bull is not to be put upon*, would, we are convinced, have an excellent effect. A memorandum of this sort was given on Monday night, and though every one must condemn the brutality of destroying scenery, the ruffianly violence of injuring property, (which being in a theatre does not afford a right to a properly directed mind to treat as if out of the pale of legal protection,) yet it would be well if early attention were paid to any thing like a public call for those who represent the theatrical interests. The *Marquis de Carabas* having been distinctly and most deservedly condemned, Mr. Liston came out to announce it for repetition. To this a great majority of the house opposed themselves, and remained noisily demanding the withdrawal of the entertainment (this is an abuse of name); the gas lights were gradually lessened and extinguished, till

No light, but only darkness visible
Served to discover

an incensed crowd, from one of whom a bench was thrown at the drop scene, in which it made a considerable rent. This appeal of physical force was more effectual than the appeals from the lungs of the malcontents; Mr. Fawcett appeared, and, after much confusion, was heard to announce in substance, that the public should not be again insulted with Puss in Boots.

After this *exposé* it will hardly be expected from us that we should enter into the details of the admirable plot on which this grand drama was constructed. Our readers know perhaps as well as we do what an ogre is, and may form an idea of Mr. Grimaldi habited like a black and white cat, measuring, as a showman would say, "five feet 6 inches from the snout to the tail, and

six feet from the tail to the snout—most Vonderful!" *He bien!* these then were the principal characters, for as for Liston, Blanchard, Emery, and Tokely, a perfect comic constellation, they were mere hangers on, while the cat mewed and washed its face, over the ears, with its *paws* (marvellous feat,) and the ogre sat in a chair till a curtain was drawn before it, which being removed, a piece of rag resembling a mouse was seen, which Puss Grimaldi pounced upon, and devoured most *felinely*.* This was the *coup de grace*, and as we have written ourselves into a punning mood, we shall conclude with lamenting, that the hard-heartedness of the audience prevented us from seeing in the bills the next day, that the Cat's brilliant performances quite *electrified* the house, and the whole went off with *clat* (a *claw*.)

We are assured, in a letter signed "A Constant Reader," that we were mistaken in the fact that Grimaldi had purchased the whole or a large share in Sadler's Wells, as that performer has only "purchased the smallest share in it, and is one of several Proprietors."

* Our Devil, noticed in a former Number, has come to ask if this should not be *divinely*. He saw it, and thought it exquisitely fine.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY has held two meetings this season,* the last of which was on the 9th ult. at the Argyle Rooms. The music was worthy of the high celebrity that attends the extraordinary combination of talent which this band comprises. The principal attractions of the first night were a setto for instruments by Kimmel, and a beautiful symphony by Rjes—the finest of that master. Miss Stephens sang two of the airs from Mozart's *Figaro*, in a chaste and finished style, and a quartett of the same master was admirably performed by Mrs. Bianchi Lacy, Miss Goodall, Mr. Elliot, and Mr. Lacy.

At the second concert there was no instrumental piece new to this country. Mr. Braham sang a scena from Handel's *Teseo*, and another of Zingarelli's, in a masterly way. A terzetto of Spontini's, from an Opera called *Milron*, not before known to England, was very finely performed by Mrs. Bianchi Lacy, Mr. Braham, and Mr. Lacy. Upon the whole, the music of this evening was more generally agreeable and better received than the selection of the first night.

The excellence of Miss Stephens, Mrs. Bianchi Lacy, and Mr. Braham, are so universally understood, that they afford no room for particular remark. We may better, therefore, offer some observations on a performer who is rising into public distinction; connecting them at the same time with some general facts which have pro-

duced new effects in his department of the art.

Since Mr. Bartleman first rose above the horizon, it is singular that no performer has been able to come into any thing like a competition with him; and the reason probably is, that his style was new: it was more ornamented, lighter, and more full of energy and spirit, than that of the race of bass singers who preceded him. The only man who has at all engaged any considerable share of the public estimation, in common with him, has been Mr. Bellamy, and he perhaps has derived the greatest portion of his popularity from the circumstance of his following directly in the steps of Mr. Bartleman, and approaching most nearly to the manner and voicing of his model. Much, however, is still to be said upon the excellencies and defects of the school.

Mr. Bartleman and Mr. Bellamy are both old servants of the public, and they will soon be compelled to give the *valet de plaudite*—the honourable sign of retirement from long and meritorious exertions. Of all the candidates for the succession, Mr. Lacy appears to be most eminently qualified. His musical education was under Rauzzini, of Bath; and with the polished accents of that fashionable and very musical place, Mr. Lacy has ever been a marked favourite. He has since studied in Italy, and is lately returned a finished and most masterly singer. His voice is a legitimate bass, full, round, and deep toned, extensive in its compass, and alike in all its parts. His intonation is so correct, that it seems scarcely in the power of indisposition even to derange his organs or his ear. His manner is pure and original. A bass voice has till within a few years been considered to be very limited in its range; but it is due to Mr. Bartleman to admit, that his powers elicited from composers of our own time and nation (Calcott, Crotch, Hornley, &c.) a new style of writing. About the same moment, the peculiar excellence of a bass singer at Vienna, of the name of Salle, induced Haydn (as we were told by the late Signora Storace) to give his principal part in the *Creation* to the bass, and to bestow upon it the graceful and elegant character which the recitatives and airs in that Sacred Opera bear. From these and similar concurrent changes, the practice and execution of bass singers are greatly diversified and enlarged; the whole department is rendered more interesting and affecting; majesty and pathos are combined with elegance.

Mr. Lacy has cultivated both the English and the Italian style with equal success, and his name is an honourable addition to those of our country, who have united the holy sublimity of our own Handel (which no foreigner but Mara ever attained) with the exquisite tenderness, the touching and voluptuous lubricity of Italian melody and Italian execution. For this he is indebted to nature not less than art; for the power, sweetness, and flexibility, of his voice, are the foundations upon which his science is built. We may perhaps be

* The Carpenter at Drury Lane is the Artist: see former L. Gazette.

* There has been another meeting since this notice was prepared.

thought to bestow extraordinary praise; but we are satisfied, by a more than common knowledge of his various qualities, that we render him only justice.

DIGEST OF POLITICS AND NEWS.

We rejoice to say that the state of the world is such as to relieve us, for one week at least, from our ordinary task of giving a short digest of Politics and News.

In France, the Finance for the year has occupied the Chambers. The law for the abolition of the Slave Trade passed without debate, 117 to 19.—At home, our Parliament reassembled on Thursday.

The Duke of Wellington is expected in London immediately. We have no further intelligence respecting the assassins who aimed at his life.

A dreadful accident has happened at Villiers-le-bel in France. In taking down the church bell, weighing 6000 lbs. to recast it, the internal parts of the steeple gave way, and from twenty to thirty persons, attracted to the church by curiosity, have been killed, and many more wounded.

VARIETIES.

A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY OF A MURDER.

The murderer of Mr. Martin, receiver of taxes at Bilgny, says a letter from Bar-sur-Aube, was discovered a few days ago in the most singular manner, and arrested. The crime was committed on the 9th of February on the high road, at one o'clock in the afternoon. The shot entered Mr. Martin's heart, and he fell down dead. He was returning from collecting, and had only 130 francs about him, of which he was robbed, as well as of his watch, and a ring. The charge of the gun was rammed down with a written paper. This had been carefully taken up, and carried away with the body. The writing was still legible. On this piece of paper there were expressions which are used in glass manufactories, and a date of near 15 years back. Upon this single indication, the Judge went to the owner of the glass manufactory at Bilgny, examined his books, and succeeded in finding an article relative to the delivery of some glass, of which the paper in question was the bill of parcels. The suspicion immediately fell on the son-in-law of this individual: the latter had been out of the country for ten years. Order was given to arrest the person suspected. When the officers came to him, he was on his knees, praying. In his fright he confessed the deed on the spot, and even shewed where the watch and ring were, which were indeed found under the thatch of his house.

Dr. Spurzheim is now lecturing in Paris, on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

The Odeon Theatre was burnt just twenty years ago within a day of its present calamity, viz. 18th March 1798.

The President Goussaut had acquired a reputation of that sort, that his name was made synonymous for any act of stupidity. One evening, when he had a large company, two gentlemen were playing at piquet, one of whom having discarded his game, exclaimed without thinking, "By Jove! I am a perfect Goussaut." The President, almost choked with rage, cried, "You are a fool."—"That's just what I called myself," said the player.

A girl forced by her parents into a disagreeable match with an old man whom she detested, when the clergyman came to that part of the service where the bride is asked if she consents to take the bridegroom for her husband, said with great simplicity, "Oh dear no, Sir; but you are the first person who has asked my opinion about the matter."

A Yorkshireman taking the advice of his counsel on a lawsuit on which his fortune depended, the advocate told him he would be cast, and shewed him a case in point against him in East's Reports. "Never mind," said the suitor, "the judges may not remember it;" and while he was discussing the matter, the counsel was called out on some business; when, seizing his opportunity, our bite cut the disagreeable pages clean out of the book, and stuffed them into his fob. His cause came on, and he obtained a verdict; on which his lawyer congratulated him. "O, Sir," he replied, "I could not lose, for I have taken special care to keep the law against me snug in my pouch!"

St. Amand the poet was once in company with a person whose hair was black, but who had a white beard. This phenomenon became the topic of conversation, and various reasons were assigned for it; when St. A. turning to the gentleman, said, "Apparently, Sir, you have worked harder with your chin than with your head." He was a *Gourmand*.

A Coxcomb conducted two ladies of quality to the Observatory to see an eclipse of the moon. They arrived too late, the eclipse was over, and the ladies disappointed. "Oh!" said our hero, "don't fret, I know the astronomer very well, he is a polite man, and I am sure will begin again."

A wit wishing to annoy a general officer of no great merit, who had affronted him, offered to publish a volume entitled, "The Exploits of the Famous General * * * *". After the title page there were only some blank leaves.

A stupid person one day seeing a man of learning enjoying the pleasures of the table, said, "So, Sir, philosophers I see can indulge in the greatest delicacies." "Why not," replied the other, "do you think Providence intended all good things for the ignorant?"

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

SAVARY'S MEMOIRS.

Mr. Lewis Goldsmith's British Monitor, late *Anti-gallican*, but no longer so! contained recently a curious notice of a work, written at Smyrna, by the celebrated Savary (Bonaparte Duc de Rovigo,) and transmitted to this country for publication. Mr. G., who has seen the MS., represents it as full of strange disclosures, and likely to excite a strong political sensation, should it not be smothered in its way to the press, which, from what is stated of the obstacles already presented, does not seem improbable. These memoirs are so voluminous, that they would form four or five volumes 8vo. The reverse of Bonaparte, they impute mainly to the influence of the Duchess of Bassano over his mind and conduct, and to the folly of Murat. They are diffuse upon the affairs of Spain, the conspiracy of Mallet, the death of the Duke D'Enghien, which they attribute to Talleyrand; and mention a plot in agitation even so late as the negotiations at Chatillon, to carry off the Duke d'Artois from Vesoul, and seize the other Bourbon Princes then in France. The author is very severe on Fouché; and upon the whole, from the partial glance we get at this production, it appears to deserve the character ascribed to it, that of being calculated to excite considerable agitation, should it ever issue from the teeming press.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

MARCH.

Thursday, 26—Thermometer from 29 to 39.
Barometer from 29, 77 to 29, 53.
Wind S. E. N. and N. W. 1.—Raining all the day till the evening, when it became clear.
Rain fallen, 0.75 of an inch.
Friday, 27—Thermometer from 32 to 44.
Barometer from 30, 16 to 30, 44.
Wind N. by W. and N. 4.—Generally cloudy.
Rain fallen, 4.25 of an inch.
Saturday, 28—Thermometer from 29 to 45.
Barometer from 30, 49 to 30, 44.
Wind S. and S. E. 0.—Heavily overcast through the day, with a little sleet about seven.
Sunday, 29—Thermometer from 35 to 50.
Barometer from 30, 38 to 30, 30.
Wind S. E. and S. W. 4.—Generally clear.
Monday, 30—Thermometer from 28 to 52.
Barometer from 30, 35 to 30, 44.
Wind in the morning various, but generally S. W. 4.—Morning and noon clear; afternoon and evening overcast; particularly dark in the evening. A white frost in the morning.
Tuesday, 31—Thermometer from 35 to 45.
Barometer from 30, 52 to 30, 47.
Wind N. and N. by E. 1.—Much sun and very cold wind. A little hail and cold rain about 2.

APRIL.

Wednesday, 1—Thermometer from 35 to 48.
Barometer from 30, 46 to 30, 38.
Wind N. E. 1.—Generally cloudy, though the sun's warmth enlivened us at times.
Latitude 51. 37. 32. N.
Longitude 3. 51. W.
Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

BENSLEY and SONS, Bolt Court, Fleet Street.